

BAPTIZED, AT THE AGE OF 95, BY IMMERSION.

"Aunt Betsy" Crawl, at Whose Threshold Was Enacted a Terrible War Time Tragedy, Led Into the Water by Her Son, "Captain Tom" Crawl, and Walked Out as Gaily as Though She Had Been But a Girl of Eighteen.

Special Correspondence of The Sunday Republic.
Lexington, Ky., Aug. 31.—Mrs. Elizabeth Crawl was baptized by immersion in the Christian Church at Nicholasville last week.

This statement, stripped of reference to the remarkable age of the woman and the tragedy of the life of herself and her son, who led her into the baptismal pool, assisting the Reverend James Vernon, the pastor, would interest no one save the immediate neighbors and friends of the lady. But when the story of their lives is told, as it might be, there will be no more interesting chapter in history.

Mrs. Crawl, familiarly known as "Aunt Betsy," is 95 years old, and her son, "Captain Tom" Crawl, is 55. So well are they known that when the news spread that "Aunt Betsy" was to be baptized scores of people drove to her little home at Catnip Hill, three miles from Nicholasville, and formed a procession that might have been taken for a funeral train. "Aunt Betsy" walked into the water between her son and the minister, and came from the water as coolly as would a girl of 15.

"Aunt Betsy" has experienced more of the tragedy of life than comes to many women, or even men, and says she has long since learned to take things as they come, trusting that all will work out for the best. She is a small woman, but has never an ache nor a pain, notwithstanding her great age. She has the use of all her senses, except a trifling failing of her eyes and her hearing.

A WAR TIME TRAGEDY.

She was born in Culpeper County, Virginia, April 18, 1806, the daughter of Isaac Bates, a sea captain, and Nancy Whitney. Her father died in 1812, and her mother, with twelve other families, moved to Kentucky, settling in what was then Fayette County, but which district is now in Jessamine County.

At the age of 15 she was married to Thomas Jefferson Crawl, and they settled on a tract of land on the old Toggins's Ferry road, where she now lives, the sole care of her son, who is devoted to her.

"I lived quietly with my six children," she says, "after the death of my husband until the latter part of the war. The boys were too young to enter the army, and were needed at home. One day three negroes knocked Richard, my youngest son, as he was plowing in the field, and a mob killed two of them and Tom killed four soldiers sent to arrest him. Then I was left by myself five years. Finally he was thrown

into prison, and it was a long time before he was restored to me."

"Captain Tom" Crawl is a popular Democrat in Jessamine County. He has held office for forty years, being elected a Deputy Sheriff before the war, when but 15 years old. He has served six years as Deputy Sheriff, six years as Constable, and twenty-eight years as Coroner of Jessamine County.

THE NIGHT BATTLE.

He was a Southern sympathizer, and was never in good standing with Union men. When the negroes—Adam Elmore, Baz and John Pennington—killed his brother, he organized a mob, and, failing to secure the key to the cell in the Nicholasville Jail, in which Elmore was confined, they shot him to death.

Baz Pennington was located at the home of his old master, Price N. Pennington, and hanged in the yard. John Pennington escaped.

The lynching created great indignation, and Colonel Rice, in charge of the Freedmen's Guards at Lexington, with Captain Butler and a squad of men, was ordered to arrest Crawl and bring him to headquarters.

They approached the Crawl home at Catnip Hill about 10 o'clock in the night. Tom Crawl and his brother-in-law, William Fitzgerald, were armed and quartered in the upper story of the old log house, in which there were two windows resembling port-holes. Crawl had two swamp angel pistols and an Enfield rifle, and Fitzgerald had a shotgun. Mrs. Crawl had asked her son not to surrender, believing it meant certain death, and Crawl made an oath to her to fight till the end.

They were awakened to find soldiers trying to force an entrance to the house. Crawl opened the window where he lay concealed and opened fire on the soldiers, his first shot striking Colonel Rice in the shoulder. "Captain Tom" tells the story in his own way:

"CAPTAIN TOM'S STORY.
"Colonel Rice jumped and cried out: 'I am wounded. Don't shoot again. We have come to arrest you.' 'Well, I guess you won't,' I said, as I let him have the contents of the rifle, and he fell dead.

"I then leaned out of the window and fired at the men trying to force the door. I took deliberate aim at one as he drew back the butt of his musket to burst in the door. Over the door facing there you can see the scar caused by the bullet passing through his head.

"This put the squad in a panic. While they carried away the Colonel and the private who fell at the door I wounded two

THE HOME OF CAPTAIN TOM CRAWL, WHERE HE KILLED FOUR FREED-MAN BUREAU MEN, INCLUDING COLONEL RICE.

others, who, I understand, died after they reached Lexington.

"I left home that night and made my way to Nashville, after a number of startling experiences while crossing the Kentucky river bottoms, and finally went to Missouri and later to Illinois, until I was pardoned by President Johnson, and returned home.

"The following night a regiment of soldiers visited the scene and destroyed everything in my mother's house. She sought the protection of the neighbors, and for many days and nights was kept in hiding. Returning, a charge of counterfeiting was trumped up against me, and I was thrown in jail at Louisville, and it was several years before I was given my liberty."

A LATER RACE WAR.

"Captain Tom" in later years was a prominent figure in a race war in the same town in which he led the mob to lynch the negroes. His brother-in-law, John Doster, became involved in a controversy at the polls on election day with some negroes, and a riot was started. The negroes largely outnumbered the whites, and Captain Crawl organized the members of his race and went against the enemy. Several men were killed

and many others jailed and convicted of engaging in a riot.

Captain Crawl was working for the election of the Democratic opponent of the well-known William Brown, afterwards one of the best-known Republicans in the South, making the race twice against James B. Beck for Congress. It was a legislative race, and Brown won. But he was unseated by the members of the Legislature because of the doubt cast over the legality of the election by the riot.

"Aunt Betsy" Crawl and "Captain Tom" are known for miles and miles around Nicholasville and in Fayette County. Captain Crawl had charge of the horseback procession which greeted W. J. Bryan here in 1896. He is a fearless individual. His large blue eyes, thick nose and round chin form a determined and daring face. He declares his mother saved his life by asking him to protect himself against arrest by the soldiers, believing that he would have been shot before he had been presented in court or given a chance to defend himself. Fitzgerald had been a Union soldier and failed to fire a shot. He said he was "having the loads until they started upstairs."

years in the camps. But he got converted and started an independent people's church down in the slums in Denver. He wears a slouch hat, has the mug of a prize fighter, uses a terse and vigorous slang, even in the pulpit, when he takes a notion, and has the reputation of caring for nothing and nobody. One of Stratton's protectors politely asked Parson Tom his business with the great man.

"You just tell Mr. Stratton that Tom Usell wants to see him, and never mind my business," said the parson brusquely. The man started, but came back shortly with an invitation to enter.

Once in, Tom held the millionaire up for money to build a new people's tabernacle, as his old one had grown too small to seat his congregation. Stratton listened in silence, then filled out a check for \$15,000.

"Here," said he, "take this, but don't tell any one about it. I'll give it to you, but I'm not going to let any of those d—preachers have it."

Tom was so tickled by the unceremonious irony of his own separation from the "d—preachers" that he couldn't keep the joke on himself.

Stratton gets tired of the continual begging to which he is subjected, and he takes pleasure occasionally in snubbing the people who never knew of his existence before he struck it, but are very anxious to know him now. It is said that he refused an invitation to join the Denver Club. But when he takes a notion he does very kind-hearted things.

One day his coachman managed a runaway team in a way that suited him, and he tipped the man with \$1,000. The summer the National Educational Association met at Denver Stratton ran across a girl he used to go to school with years ago. She was a teacher, and in the usual financial circumstances of teachers. Stratton told her to make up a party of her friends among the women school teachers present at the convention, chartered a special car, put a man aboard to take care of the party and pay all the bills, and sent this party of old-maid schoolma'ams on a free trip to California and back.

THE BIBLE: The First Part of a New and Original Study of an Old and Immortal Theme.

BY THE REVEREND C. H. BLACKALL, D. D.,
Editor of Periodicals of the American Baptist Publication Society.

FOREWORD.

The time is opportune. Popular study of the world's greatest classic is of a character decidedly different from what it was in earlier days. It is now before us in new light; American readers welcome it heartily, as it comes forth from the American revisers, who have given to its pages clearer and sharper significance at numerous points, and made it yet more the book of to-day rather than that of a past age. Its themes are in large degree familiar, yet all concede that they are worthy of fresh study, not to buttress or defend dogma, but to broaden and make happier the life of now and the life to be. Its stories still charm, though told from babyhood. History, poetry, fact, fancy, all are enshrined between its covers. The things that have been and that which shall be are brought under review. Hope, love, truth, guidance, consolation, each have blessed place. Come with me awhile, as I turn the leaves afresh in the hope of revealing their marvelous attractiveness and helpfulness.

The book is like a wondrously beautiful King's palace, the creation of a master architect with illimitable resources. Come with me while I freely open its portal wide. Together let us enjoy its glories. We shall not be meddlesome at any point. Its exquisite draperies shall not suffer at our hands. Its golden sheen shall not be dimmed by careless touch. Its splendid frescoes shall not be marred by purposeless inquisition. On the way, as we pass through, we shall not dispute concerning its material, nor try to make reflections that are untrue simply to sustain preconceived notions or false judgments. We shall not understand everything, for we are but human, and not gods. You will learn much, though I tell you but little, in passing. May we not, then, honestly admire; then learn to love; and therein find the path to the best and truest life?

VISION OF FIRST THINGS.

Genesis, Chapters I and II.

We are about to open the grandest volume in the world, if seen aright, formed of many separate books, linked together as one. Of all the forms, the American revised version is in all respects the best, and its cost within the reach of the humblest purse. Read the whole of Genesis at that version at one time, if possible, to gain its general scope. Then turn to the first and second chapters, reading them again slowly, carefully, thoughtfully. You have reasoning faculties; make the best of them. God wants

people of sense; take your place in the ranks where he would have you.

IN THE BEGINNING, GOD—

Here is purpose revealed in four words. Not a scientific essay, yet really in essential accord with science. Not a profound dissertation, for that would be folly to the minds of the simple people originally addressed; yet so profound is the theme that the minds of the world's deepest thinkers have been devoted to it in all the ages. And now that geology and astronomy and biology each have brought to view the long-heralded secrets of the world's physical life, and men read the rocks and the stars and human life as one reads clearly printed pages, mystery has been dispelled, ignorance has yielded to intelligence, superstition is succeeded by a comprehensive view of God and truth, such as the world could not know or understand in its yesterday.

PANORAMIC VIEW.

No one save the Omnipotent saw or could know, except by revelation, the processes whereby the universe came into being. It is as if one stood apart and in vision witnessed the successive acts. Call it myth, tradition, idyl, drama, history, according to your pleasure, but you cannot get away from the great truth that God created. The finite mind can only go back to "the beginning" of the universe as included in "the heaven and the earth," and then and there was God.

SEVENFOLD MOVEMENT.

Notice what has been well called "the sevenfold movement in action." The favored observer sees at first only a great waste of waters and hears a voice. Light succeeds the darkness. Day is born. It has been evening. It is morning. And so he says: "There was evening and there was morning, one day."

The first panel in the great world painting passes, and the second comes into view. A voice again, commanding an "expanse," to separate waters from waters. And again, "evening and morning, a second day."

The third panel quickly follows: Dry land, seas; grass covers the earth; herbs and plants appear; fruit-bearing trees. And so, "evening and morning, a third day."

A more marvelous panel now than the last. Lights twinkle above. Stars appear. Times and seasons are suggested. The moon sheds soft radiance, yielding only to the sun in its brilliance. Thus another "evening and morning, a fourth day."

From this the observer is led to notice the fifth panel, the waters, once a waste and void, now teeming with life; above are

winged creatures, each after its kind, to "fill the waters in the sea"; and to "multiply in the earth"; cattle and creeping things; all lower animal life abundant. The regular refrain follows, as if expanding great satisfaction: "Evening and morning, a fifth day."

The observer may have wondered at this point why so great a work for so little apparent purpose. You and I would have so questioned, but all that had gone before was prophecy in action. Man was the ultimate; for him all things were now ready, and so the sixth panel appears. The voice again: "In our image, after our likeness," "dominion over the earth" and its wondrous variety of occupants. There is no apparent preference for one over the others; dominion was given to both; each had a part in mastering the tasks of a loving Father. Again, "there was evening and morning, the sixth day."

THE "DATE."

What more natural than that the panoramic vision should be divided into periods, and that these in the simple but grand phraseology should correspond to the observer's conceptions of ordinary day and night? To him it was that, and only that, for no scientific theory had been brushed and none was being exploited. God does not tell us what we can learn for ourselves by careful investigation, else there would be perpetual childhood instead of constant growth. In due time, by research and study, we have learned how the creation was accomplished. No less is it God's creation if man reaches perfection in the image of his maker through progressive steps from a lower to the highest stage than if there was direct molding of the immature clay and immediate stamping of the divine image from the start. Take which view you will, but remember God created, and, in each of each great act, to the divine mind it was seen to be "good"; how could it be otherwise?

A REST DAY.

We are told that God "rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had made." Again language that will express simply to the observer a termination of specific creative acts, for the vision continues, and a seventh panel is added to the series. But no longer do we have the declaration that it is "good"; not now the phrase, "evening and morning, a day." Perhaps we have missed a point in limiting the blessing to a "seventh day" of each week. Has not God abundantly blessed all the period that followed his creative acts? Not much is said about it; only what may be regarded as a single sentence, but in that sentence is wrapped in great degrees the wail and we of the human race. Work out the scheme for yourself, and see if it is not so.

THE GARDEN OF DELIGHT.

From chaos to order; from order to production; from production to dominion; from dominion to fellowship in power. The "divine soul" requires full meet or suited to him in all the changing conditions and vicissitudes to which he is certain to be subject. It is not him any longer, but them. Think of the royal provision made: A "garden," which suggests beauty and comfort and enjoyment. "In Eden"; I like delight, better. And there "every tree that is pleasant to the sight, and good for food; the tree of life also in the midst of the garden; and the tree of the knowledge of good and evil." Beautiful in perfection, and fitted for innocent beings.

Why all this for one human pair? But was there need of more? God's economy never fails. Were these the first human beings? The first recorded as in the "Image" and "likeness" of God. Why go back of the vision record, seeing that the finished product is presented to the observer? It is not so much a scientific cosmogony as the fact of God in all and over all, that the vision would make clear.

So, too, the Garden of Delight. God wants his creatures to recognize him and to be happy. The "pure in heart shall see God" in the now as well as in the hereafter. The obedient soul hears his voice, not one whit less certainly than did his first creation. Regard the beautiful story at your pleasure; follow it to the close of the second chapter of Genesis. See it if it does not fit into everyday life. Let it talk to you. The garden will some day perchance be realized when vision is clear and heart is right before God.

ECHOES.

Turn now to that beautiful eighth Psalm, credited to David, and let it echo the truths of Genesis. Well does he ask: "What is man that thou art mindful of him?" God "put all things under his feet" in his power and dominion. If one despises his sovereignty, is he less blameworthy than Enoch of old, in parting with his birthright for a mess of pottage?

Turn again to the gospel of John, whose opening verses tell of beginnings and of light and of life. And then to Revelation, chapter twenty-one, where the city of the new earth and the holy city. The first opening is echoed in the record of the last. "The tabernacle of God is with men, and he shall dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God."

NEXT SUNDAY: "A Divine-Natured Drama."

SOME PECULIARITIES OF "INDEPENDENCE" STRATTON, MILLIONAIRE MEMBER OF A CARPENTERS' UNION.

WHY FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

One of the most unique characters in the great and glorious West is Winfield Scott Stratton, carpenter, member of the Carpenters' Union, discoverer of the famous Independence gold mine and several times a millionaire. Mr. Stratton only recently became a member of the Carpenters' Union, but he has been a first-class carpenter for a good many more years than he has been a millionaire.

Mr. Stratton became rich suddenly. Some people say he was lucky. Of course, what is known as "luck" figured somewhat in his success, but there were special qualifications possessed by him which enabled him to take quick grasp of the opportunities which luck threw in his way.

Stratton had been an indomitable prospector for years before he struck gold. He lived at Colorado Springs, and in the winter he would work at his trade and in the summer he would pack a burro with his outfit and follow the best on foot over the hills until the storms drove him into winter quarters again.

Several years he tramped it from Colorado Springs to the San Juan country in this way. His first venture in mining was down in the San Juan. A miner had come up from there the previous winter, and

shown Stratton some beautiful ore from an alleged claim of his, which, according to his story, he had discovered, but hadn't money enough to work, and therefore had to sell for what he could get for it.

Stratton had saved up 3,000 hard-earned dollars from his labor with the hammer and the saw. He put every one of them into that claim. The next spring he climbed up his old burro and walked to the San Juan. He found his mine a plain, simple hole in the ground; not even salted; not a trace of color in it. He lost every dollar he had put into it, a thing sufficient to utterly discourage any ordinary man.

Stratton was invariably unsuccessful in these summer trips. Year after year he prospected in the San Juan, at Leadville and in other sections, but found nothing. But he was all the time acquiring an unrivaled knowledge of the ore-bearing ground of Colorado. And he was no common prospector or miner. After awhile he took a course in geology, mineralogy and assaying at Colorado College. After that he went armed with a blowpipe, the only process of assaying available to the prospector in the field.

He also worked in a mill at Breckenridge as a common laborer, so as to acquire the process of treating ores by amalgamation.

It was such things as this that made him able to understand the ground at Cripple Creek, and it was his little old blow-

pipe that found the first gold in the great camp.

The territory where he located the Independence, on July 4, 1891, had been deserted by even the few prospectors who had staked claims there, as being entirely outside the gold belt. Stratton was left alone, and they called him "The Hermit of Battle Mountain." The Independence began to produce in 1890, and by 1892, when he sold it to the London company, it had produced \$4,000,000. He got \$10,000,000 in cash for it.

After he had got it into shape to sell, with \$7,000,000 worth of ore reserves in sight, no such spectacle was ever seen in any mine. For miles along its walls one could walk in the constant glitter of sylvanite, free gold, wire gold and all other combinations of the yellow metal.

The biggest gift that Stratton has made since he struck it was \$50,000 to Colorado College, where he learned to use the blowpipe that founded Cripple Creek. He also testified to his belief in the educated miner by a gift of \$25,000 to the Colorado School of Mines.

Stratton is a crank, like most multimillionaires. He surrounds himself by a barrier of lieutenants, the business of whose life it is to protect him from begging visitors. But Parson Tom Usell got by the breastworks one day. Parson Tom is a famous character in Denver. He used to be one of the boys, and hit the high places for

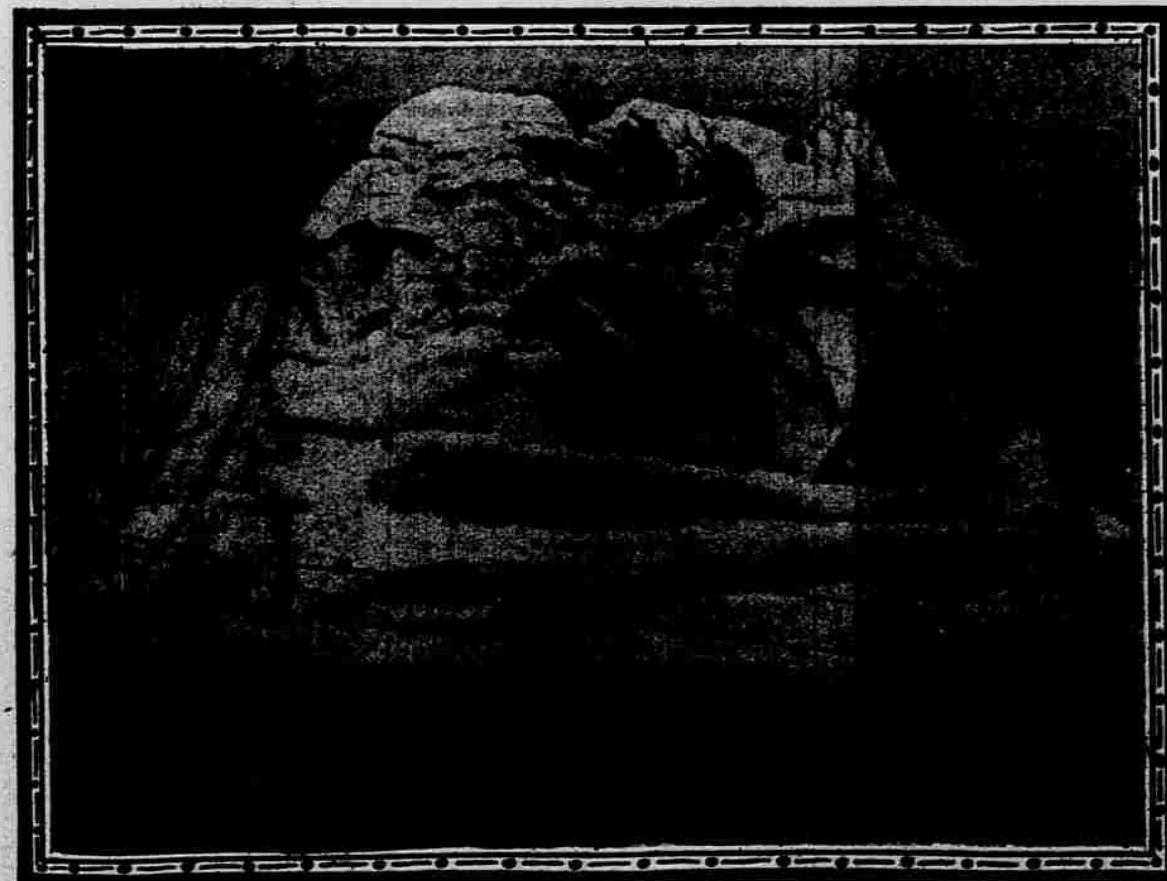
THE FASHIONABLE NECK, THE FASHIONABLE



WALKER'S PATENT HAT.

This gracefully posed photograph shows clearly two things which women of fashion are interested in—the "evening neck" and the up-to-date hat. The picture leaves little to explain about either. It shows both the proper pose of the head and the proper grasp. The stylish neck is just as cleverly portrayed.

HANDSHAKE AND THE FASHIONABLE HAT.



Baby Blue Panné With Top of Red Brown Leaves Touched With Frost.